Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.
Fidler. Why harts ease?
Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is full:
O play me some merie dump to comfort me.
Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Peter. You will not then?
Minst. No.
Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.
Minst. What will you giue vs?
Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.
Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your pate.
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa
You, do you note me?
Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.
Answere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say you Simon Catling?
Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.
Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.
Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer.
I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is
M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele
ners, and stay dinner.

Enter Rom

Ro. If I may trust the flattering tr
My dreames presage some ioyfull n
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his th
And all this day an vnaccustomd sp
Lifts me aboue the ground with che
I dreamt my Lady came and found
Strange dreame that giues a deadma
And Breathd such life with kisses in
That I reuiude and was an Emperor
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe p
When but loues shadowes are so rich

Enter Romeos man

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balth*
Dost thou not bring me Letters fro
How doth my Lady, is my Father w
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I ask
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Man. Then she is well and noth
Her body sleepes in *Capels* monume
And her immortall part with Ange
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds v
And presently tooke poste to tell it
O pardon me for bringing these ill n
Since you did leaue it for my office
Rom. Is it in so? then I denie you
Thou knowest my lodging, get me
And hire post horses, I will hence to
Man. I do beseech you sir, haue
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and
Some misaduenture.
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid the

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